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COUNTRY, GOD AND TRUTH.

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July 30 1873

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Lumberton, N. C.

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July 11, 1873.

MOIST WEATHER.

The Morals of Robeson County Improving—A Word to Framers of State Constitutions.

BY NUNPRO TUNC.

Monday Night, Aug. 11th.

Mr. Editor:—This is Monday night, and in the language of an old Guilford county friend of mine, very much sprinkled with dampness. The river rising, the streets falling in, turnips washed out of their beds, corn twisted pell mell, and everything pertaining to the soil in our locality decidedly moist. Full many a misty morning, however, turns out a blooming day. To-morrow the sun may shine out and the dry earth may again appear. For one, I am of the opinion that in our county—Robeson—things are looking brighter politically and agriculturally, and possibly morally and socially. Crops very promising and the Constitutional Amendments carried by 400 majority, and then we have had only two murders in the county within the past 4 weeks; and when we remember that as many as three murders have been committed in one day may we not hope that the spirit of peace and good morals may yet influence and direct the doings of that detestable locality known as "Scuf-fletown?" So mote it be.

It is a source of much regret to me that the people of our State should have shown so little interest in the late election. Many did not take the trouble to learn the changes intended to be made in our present State Constitution. I have yet to converse with any one, whether of the radical or conservative persuasion, who did not agree that a change in the organic law of our State was absolutely necessary to the future well-being and prosperity of our people. Changes in State Constitutions should be made with calm deliberation. On the other hand dominant political parties controlled and directed by adventurous foreign squatters should ever step one side when constitutions are to be framed for the protection of the lives, liberty and property of a people.

Preserve me from another constitution, for poor old North Carolina, made up of disjointed fragments borrowed from the codes of Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut, Buzzard's Bay, Kamschatka, Plymouth rock, and every other rock and wreck. Preserve me from another constitution, for poor old North Carolina, shaped and moulded to put money in the pockets of lean carpet-baggers, while the people are to be impoverished and ruined.

If then, as I have reason to believe, the people of the State have declared that a fraud incorporated in an instrument paramount to all State laws, shall yet receive no countenance or support but must come out. That a selfish party constitution, though ushered into existence with all the pomp and circumstance of martial protection and array, can only live five years in North Carolina, then there is yet hope for the old State.

Another comfortable indication is, that the huge swindling rings have been broken up and scattered abroad. That the Littlefields & Co. dare not show their guilty faces on North Carolina soil; that the people have compelled radical executives to demand their carcasses and publicly denounce their conduct. All this, I say, is real assurance that the former spirit and character of our State will yet influence and control our State administration. Northern journals may urge upon us the payment of a debt contracted in fraud and unparalleled corruption, for which the State has received no consideration, and to which it was no party. Yet, looking to the maintenance of our honesty, we must husband our resources and see to it that our substance is not swallowed up to enrich the coffers of foreign political gamblers. Again a lesson is to be taught to future Legislatures and Capitalists who would make themselves parties to our ruin. Let them enjoy to their heart's content the fanciful realization of gain which will only exist in their fancies; or what is better calculated to be of lasting service to them, let them at once yield their assent to the incontrovertible truth that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and govern themselves accordingly.

Should it then be the case that our constitution has been purged of its ruinous features, may we not reasonably expect to become what we once were—a great State—and in the language of Judge Bond, the most prosperous of the Southern States. More anon.

To make little boy's trousers last When you make a suit of clothes for them, finish the coat first, and by so doing you will make the trousers last. It is the only way the thing can be done.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Private Fortune and What She Wishes to do With It.

Proposed Alteration of the Crown-Private Estates Act.

A London letter says:—

Upon the subject of their private fortunes, the sovereigns of England, from Henry VIII to Victoria, have always preserved a curious reticence and secrecy. Not long ago, a gentleman went to Doctors' Commons, and, after tendering the usual fee, demanded permission to examine the wills of the kings and queens from Henry VIII down. He was told that not one of these wills was on the file there, and that they were in the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The gentleman crossed the river to Lambeth, found the Archbishop, and made his request to him. But the Archbishop replied that he was not in possession of any of the will, and had not the slightest idea where they were. After the death of George I, when George II first received his ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury produced the will of the deceased monarch, but George II instantly took the parchment and put it in his pocket, and nothing more was ever heard of it. The wills of all subjects must be proved and recorded at Doctors' Commons; but the will of an English sovereign is always kept secret, and whether its provisions are executed or not, seems to depend wholly on the pleasure of his successor. Now Prince Albert was not a sovereign, but his will has been kept a secret to this day, and no one knows what it contained. The rumor is that the Prince left everything to the Queen, and that he also laid injunctions upon her not to convert any of the property into money for the purpose of giving the money to the Prince of Wales. That young gentleman, it may be remembered, was in disgrace with his papa at the time of the latter's death—indeed, the death itself was the consequence of a cold caught on a sudden journey to Oxford, whither Prince Albert had been summoned in haste to get his son out of a disgraceful and dangerous scrape in which he was involved. No one, at the present day, knows exactly what are "the private estates" of the Queen. The estate of Bulmaral, and the Osborne estate are unknown, and their value can be estimated; but there are in addition the "Kensington estates," of which no one but the Queen and her private agents know anything. When the plan for the construction of the South Kensington Museum was first devised, there were miles of unoccupied land lying around the spot chosen for the great collection of buildings now known as the Exhibition, the Museum and Albert Hall; and there were other miles of streets only partly built, and having for the most part cheap and poor business houses upon them. A little "ring" was formed—Prince Albert, Mr. Dilke, (afterwards Sir C. W. Dilke), and two or three others composed it—and by this ring the greater part of this property was quietly bought up before the plan for the Museum, &c., was made public. This was more than twenty years ago. The whole of that region is now densely covered with fine houses, and what cost only a few hundred thousands is now worth many millions. Prince Albert's share of this is now a property of the Queen, and those "Kensington estates" are in themselves a very large fortune. Altogether, in money and landed property, to say nothing of the jewels, her Majesty is supposed to possess something like £6,000,000 sterling, while no one really knows how much she has; and the amount may be £10,000,000, or even £20,000,000, for aught any one can show to the contrary.

Now it happens that there is a law called "the Crown Private Estates Act"—a law so fearfully and wonderfully made that no two lawyers can be found to agree as to what it really means. One of its provisions, it appears, forbids the Crown bequeathing to the heir apparent any of the private estates of land, although these estates may all be sold and the money received for them may be given him; and another provision prohibits the Crown from disposing of any of these estates "privately," although the lawyers are at variance with each other as to what "privately" may mean. Be all this as it may, it seems that the Queen wishes to do something with some of her private estates, and that the law is supposed to stand in the way of the doing of this thing. Her Majesty probably wishes to give something to the Duke of Edinburgh upon his approaching marriage, or perhaps she has some other design. At all events she has consulted her private lawyers, and they have recommended

an alteration of the law. Mr. Gladstone is willing—a bill for the alteration of the Crown Private Estates Act has been prepared, and it came up for its second reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday night.

From the Red Hook N. Y. Aurora, Borealis
A Crystal Wedding.

The circle of acquaintance was large, the invitations numerous and the presents all that could be desired.

The preparations made for the entertainment of expected guests were complete and satisfactory, with one particular exception. The music was so good and the decorations so superb, but the unfortunate minister who received the first fee for joining the loving pair fifteen years before, nor the minister of the church to which they now belonged, would be present, and so when the time arrived for the ceremony, which everybody expected, there was no one "of the cloth" on hand to officiate. It therefore became apparent that the usual ceremony appropriate to such occasions was impossible. To have it poorly done would be worse than burlesque, and as something must be done, it was determined to have it as regular as possible. It is often much easier to succeed in making a performance very bad than in an attempt to make it moderately good. Having for many years consistently sustained my claim to the title of bachelor of arts, I was designated as the one most properly fitted to conduct the "victim" through the trying ordeal of their crystallization. It was no less trying to me, but as I had no family to leave destitute, surrendered myself and was soon ready to do my part toward making it a "killing affair" by taking the office of executioner.

Keeping step with the familiar "Wedding March," the bridal party entered the crowded parlor and took position according to the most fashionable custom, when armed with a copy of Byron and sundry scraps of hurriedly written rhymes concealed within the book, I appeared before them, and with as much of ministerial dignity of manner and voice as I could command, began as follows:

Since by his ribless side
Stood Sarah in her ribbons gay,
A blooming blushing bride.

A ribless side I said! ah yes,
You know the story well,
How man awoke with one ribless
And then at Eve he fell!

How then in Eden God declared
He should no longer tarry,
And thus by misery prepared,
He sent him forth to marry.

His weakness since has followed men
In every walk of life,
And every one betrays it when
He takes himself a wife.

When from the rest of human kind,
He picks a bone—to wed,
At last, as 'his most meat to find
He's by the rib-bones led!

For ever since the primal Fall,
When men invented trousers
There has been trouble among them all
To keep them off their spouses.

Following this came the usual questions to witness and candidates, such as—Will you forever keep the peace? to the former, and to the groom—Do you wish to marry—and why? Will you love, support and obey? etc. To the bride—will you submit to be loved, honored and obeyed by your lawful husband as long as you both do live outside of the State of Illinois? These questions, and others of grave import, having all been answered satisfactorily, they were joined in handy padlock.

The groom then saluted his bride in those touching words:

Your eyes my dear are bright and clear,
Your teeth like fairest pearls,
Nowhere can hair be found more fair
Among a million girls!

Nor can a hand in all the land
Your lily-white hand eclipse;
More than ten eyes or hands I prize
A pair of luscious lips!

What of your face or queenly grace
Without a loving kiss;
They all to me could only be
Imaginary bliss.

Then give me this one perfect bliss,
Which cannot be effaced—
To fold your charms within my arms
And take a long sweet taste!

To which she responded—
For fifteen years you've done it till
I shouldn't think you'd care;
You're like a car-conductor who
Is always taking fare.

But sometimes he does give us change—
You gave me change of name,
And change to spend, 'tis true, but then
You're always just the same.

But after fifteen years I've grown
To like you as you are;
Like you as conductor and—
You may take the fare. J. W. E.

THE MODEL AUSTRIAN FARMER.

His Splendid Properties and Style of Management—Forests and Fisheries—Game, &c.

Prince John Adolphus Schwarzenberg, of Austria, has figured conspicuously in all the letters from the Vienna exposition treating of agriculture. The prince is the descendant of a long line of illustrious warriors, but has chosen to confine his victories and his laurels to peace rather than war. His estates are very numerous, and all of them have been converted into practical use under the most judicious system of agriculture.

lands in Bavaria. In Styria, in Upper and Lower Austria, in Hungary and in Bohemia his possessions may be found—farms, lands, breweries, forests, iron mines, iron foundries, bakeries, flour mills, brandy distilleries, forges, fisheries—on his lands alone, dependent in some measure upon him, a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand souls. In a rough calculation these estates are seventy or eighty miles in extent, and may be divided into a hundred separate farms. He is a contestant for many prizes at the Vienna exhibition, and of course, has entered as a contestant for the prize for a model farm. The juryman to examine and decide upon the farms, accompanied by a number of journalists, visited the other day his estate in Bohemia. A correspondent of the New York Herald, who accompanied the expedition, says:

EXTENT OF THE SCHWARZENBERG ESTATE.

A better idea of the vast extent of the Schwarzenberg estate cannot be imparted, perhaps, than by giving some facts gathered, during the day's excursion. The area of the estate is nearly seventy-five thousand acres, one-half of which is devoted to forests culture, 20,000 acres to agriculture, and 14,000 to fisheries, &c. Altogether there are five hundred and thirty-two buildings, of which there are twenty-three breweries, four sugar refineries, one oil refinery, one steam saw-mill, one steam bakery, four water-mills, twenty-three local saw-mills, forty brick and lime kilns, three furnaces, four forges, one Bessemer furnace, and a host of farms, cottages for laborers, fishermen, foresters, and so on. Besides these there are a number of humanitarian institutions spread over the estate. An asylum for the aged and infirm, with accommodations for twenty persons, ten men and ten women; a hospital with fourteen beds, in which one hundred and seven persons received treatment last year; a girls' school, under the superintendence of nine Sisters of Mercy, where some three hundred children annually receive instruction. All of these are supported by the princely house from its revenues. There are in all some eighty schools on the estate supported by the respective communities, while the girls' school is a favorite institution of the family.

HOW THE ESTATE IS MANAGED.

The various offices connected with the castle and estate are extensive enough for a Hungarian principality. There is, for instance, the bureau of the domains, with its ministry for home and foreign affairs; the rent bureau, to which is also attached the ministry of ecclesiastical and commercial affairs; the fishery bureau, with a ministry of naval affairs and an assistant whose jurisdiction extends over the turf beds; a forest bureau, with a master of the woods, and adjuncts of the saw mills and foresters; a general bureau, with a minister whose duty it is to look after the grain stock, like Joseph of old in Egypt, as well as over the potteries and the lime kilns; an engineer's bureau and an architect's bureau; a brewery bureau, with a minister, a secretary and two burly brewers; a steam mill bureau, a bureau of accounts and a bureau of archives. The Prince possesses the patron's right over fourteen parishes to appoint priests in sixteen churches and two chapels. The right is nevertheless a very costly one, since the estate has to provide several thousand florins yearly toward their support.

THE MODEL FARM.

The Wittingan farm estate is one of the best in Austria. It embraces all branches of agriculture—cattle breeding, sheep breeding, &c. The Prince farms eleven places, five of which belong to the Wittingan, three to the Lounitz and three to the Hammer sections, containing 6,000 acres of cultivated ground, divided as follows: Grain 50.3, meadow 35.3, pasturage 8.4, nurseries 2.3, hop gardens 0.4, orchard 0.1. On the 1st of May last the number of animals on the immediate farms was 1,000 cattle, 3,271 sheep, 16 horses,

11 foals, besides 17 span of horses used for home purposes. On the eleven farms are employed eleven superintendents, ten chief threshers, nine fodder masters, two guardians of the meadows, in all thirty-two persons, and a host of laborers, men and women. The wages of labor average from one to two dollars a week in our American money.

THE FOREST CULTURE.

The forest culture so much needed to be utilized in America, is thus described by the correspondent: The entire forest area is divided into six classes, according to the age of the trees—from 1 to 20, from 21 to 40, from 41 to 60, from 61 to 80, from 81 to 100, and above 100 years. The extent of age permitted to the monarchs of the wood. Wandering through the estate, one comes upon the immense areas, first of felled trees, then of sproutlings, then of youths, then of matured and finally of aged trees, with towering trunks and spreading foliage, and of which the German poet sings—
"Who, beautiful tree, has built thee up so high?"

THE FISHERIES.

The fisheries, resembling in their workings our own, are also described, except that they are all under one management. The correspondent says: "The Wittingan fishery bureau superintends no less than fifteen thousand acres of lakes and ponds, producing annually 3500 hundredweight of carp, 200 hundredweight of pike and schill, or 224 tons of the nobler sorts of fish; a quantity, however, which does not supply the demand for Vienna."

THE GAME.

Of the game he says: "In the year 1871 9016 head of game were shot, of which 4843 belonged to what is designated useful or palatable game. Among the latter were 19 stags, 38 deer, 13 fawns, 114 roebucks, 36 roe, 18 kids, 3132 hares, 35 wood grouse, 4 heath-cocks, 3 hazel hens, 1812 partridges, 414 wild ducks, 186 gray ducks, 18 wood snipes, besides 3 fish otters, 1 badger, 5 foxes, 17 martens, 49 weasels, 3 eagles, 55 herons, 38 hawks, 18 vultures, and nearly four thousand other classes. All these vast estates receive the personal supervision of the Prince, who is seventy-four years of age, assisted by his heir, who has from his youth been thoroughly educated in to the art of agriculture rather than war.

Mr. Davis and the Sculptor Valentine.

Our gifted sculptor, Mr. Valentine, had a host of visitors last week at his studio, including Gen. John C. Breckinridge and ex-President Jefferson Davis. The latter spent considerable time on Saturday in conversation with the artist and examining his works of art. He was particularly struck with the beauty of a statuette of General Lee, and commended the martial bearing of the figure. The recumbent figure of the great Confederate General, for Lexington, seemed to impress him greatly, and he pronounced it a splendid work of art—remarkable for its fidelity of portraiture and naturalness of position. The Confederate ex-President standing thoughtfully over the figure of Lee was in itself a picture for an artist. He said it reminded him, in posture, of the old crusaders in Westminster Abbey, but the artist had relieved it of the stiffness which characterizes some of these. The fact that one of the hands of the dead hero was across his breast while the other rests carelessly on the hilt of his sword was commended for the fine effects it produces. The simplicity of the drapery emblematic of the grand simplicity of the man, did not escape favorable comment. In fact, the figure strikes every critic as representing calm repose after an eventful life.

He took the measurement of Mr. Davis' features with a view of making a bust of him at an early day. The distinguished subject will, however, in the meantime give him several sittings.

An Artist Vents his Disgust.

A young Chicago artist has been guilty of an act for which he deserves to be violently henpecked all the days of his life. By dint of straining after an original idea he has found it, and presents it in the shape of a Lucifer on canvas—a Lucifer not masculine but feminine! We are informed that her face has a sort of diabolical beauty, that horns surmount her chignon, and that a split slipper projecting from under her dress of leopard skin suggests the cloven foot. The painting of such a picture must have been caused by a terrific and remorseless jilting of that young man.

Over five hundred millions of corsets go to waste annually in the United States.

How to Root Plants Successfully from Cuttings.

We take the following from Peter Henderson's "Practical Floriculture."

The "saucer system of propagation" is so called because saucers or plates are used to hold the sand in which the cuttings are placed. This sand is put in to the depth of an inch or so, and the cuttings inserted in it close enough to touch each other; the sand is then watered until it becomes in the condition of mud, and placed on the shelf of the green-house, or in the window-sill of the sitting room or parlor, fully exposed to the sun, and never shaded. But one condition is essential to success until the cuttings become rooted, the sand must be kept constantly saturated; and kept in the condition of mud; if once allowed to dry up, exposed to the sun as they are, the cuttings will quickly wilt, and the whole operation will be defeated.

The rules previously laid down for the proper condition of the cuttings are the same as in this case, and those for the temperature nearly so; although by the saucer system, a higher temperature can be maintained without injury, as the cuttings are in reality placed in water and will not drop at the same temperature as if the sand was kept in the regular condition of moisture maintained in the propagating bench. Still the detached slip, rooted, will not endure a continuation of excessive heat, so that we advise, as we do in the regular method of propagating, that the attempt should not be made to root cuttings in this way, in this latitude, in the month of June, July or August, unless, with plants of a tropical nature. When the cuttings are rooted, they should be potted in small pots and treated carefully by shading and watering for a few days as previously directed. Cuttings rooted in too much shade, and at a high temperature are drawn up spindling and take months to recover from the injury done by this injudicious treatment. The time required by cuttings to root from five to twenty days, according to the variety, condition of the cuttings, and temperature. Verbenas, Fuchsias, or Hellebores, put in proper condition and kept without ever being allowed to wilt, will root in an average bottom heat of sixty-five degrees in eight days, while Roses, Pelargoniums or Petunias, will take at least double that time under the same conditions.

Another point of importance, and one too often neglected, is to pot off their cuttings at once when rooted, no matter how small the roots may be, half an inch is much better length for them to be when potted than two inches, and the operation is much more quickly performed when the roots are short than when long. But the main evils of delaying the potting off of cuttings are, that when left too long the cuttings grow up weak for want of room; the roots which become hard and woody, do not strike freely into the soil, greater care is required in shading and watering after potting, and the plant usually loses its lower leaves, weakening its vitality and exposing it to greater chance of disease. With but few exceptions, cuttings should never be potted into pots exceeding two and a half inches in diameter.

A New Cave at Niagara Falls.

A recent number of the Suspension Bridge Journal contains the following:

"Two men named James Mumford and Thomas Conroy, who have for many years acted as guides through the Cave of the Winds on Goat Island, determined to ascertain if there was not another cave under the American Fall. They repaired to the front of the ferry, provided with ropes and ladders. After getting beyond this sheet of water without much difficulty, they found it necessary to use their boats in order to reach the desired locality. Mr. G. W. Simms, an eye witness, says the men were out of sight for some time, and he gave them up for lost. They soon, however, made their reappearance, and pronounced the new cave one of the wonders of the world. It was pitch-dark in the cave, and in one place they stood between two walls of water. They were prevented from going further for want of more tools and some means of lighting the cave."

The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

The Key of the Cupboard.—An absent wife is thus advertised for. "Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your children, your parents, your husband. Return, return; all may yet be well. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."